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Book and Job Printing
PROMPTLY AND NEATLY EXECUTED.

WE'RE STORY TELLER.

From the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.

THE TWO SHAWLS
AND THE TWO CARPET-BAGS.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

Florence Lee was just taking the key from her pocket to lock her trunk, which had been carefully packed for a long journey, when a servant appeared at the door of her apartment, and handed her two small parcels and a note from Mrs. Hilton, her aunt, who resided about ten miles distant, in the city of New York. She opened the note, and read as follows:

"My Dear Florence—My friend, Mrs. Richland who resides within a few miles of Mr. Knollys in whose family you have been invited to spend the autumn and winter, requested in her last letter that I would purchase her a Cashmere shawl. After examining every high-priced shawl in the city, I was fortunate enough to find one in season, I hope, to send you, which I think will suit. Arthur Richland, my friend's son, by whom I expected to send it, not having called, as was his intention, on his journey back from the Lakes. I likewise know that you have no shawl except what is getting rather shabby; purchased one for you, for which I gave twenty-five dollars, and which I beg you will do me the favor to accept. It is good and handsome for the price, though, of course, not to be compared with Mrs. Richland's the price of which was one thousand dollars.

"Your Affectionate Aunt,

"MARGARET HILTON."

One of the shawls was done up with great care in the best kind of wrapping paper, and directed to Mrs. Augusta Richland. The other was carelessly rolled up in a newspaper. Florence had no time to examine her shawl, for her brother, who was going to accompany her party on his return to the University, called to her and told her that the stage was coming—Removing from her trunk some articles of no great consequence, she made room for the shawls one of which had cost treble the sum which had been expended on her whole wardrobe. In a minute afterwards, the stage-coach was at the door.

As the morning was fine, her brother preferred an outside seat, and Florence found herself in company with five strangers, four of whom were females, with nothing in their appearance either to attract or repel.

The fifth was a young man, with a face full of frank, open expression, and the handsomest—so Florence thought—that she had ever seen. Masses of rich, wavy hair shaded his broad, smooth forehead, and there was a sunny radiance in his hazel eyes, which illuminated his whole countenance, and softened, without effacing, the somewhat haughty curve of his handsome mouth.

If the admiration of Florence was awakened, his did not slumber; though he had recently met the most celebrated belles at the different places of fashionable resort, and had, likewise, had opportunity to admire the loveliness of many of them in their own homes, where he was a most welcome guest.

Florence had just entered her nineteenth year, and a rich dazzling complexion, and eyes bright and beautiful as a hour's might have been charmed enough of themselves, even if they had not given life and animation to features of faultless mould. It was evident, however, that she was by no means conscious that nature had been so liberal in bestowing upon her what has often proved a fatal bower. She knew that she was better looking than most of her associates, but then in the fashionable world, which she had heard and read of, there were doubtless hundreds who would cast her into the shade. She, therefore, had no expectation of being an object of peculiar attraction to the youthful stranger, yet she did wish that she knew his name. Her curiosity, for the present, was destined to remain ungratified, while his, which was equally lively as regarded herself, was only rewarded by ascertaining that her name was Florence, by hearing her brother address her when they stopped to exchange horses.

In the morning, as she and her brother were about to take leave of each other—their routes from that time lying in different directions—they were joined by Lewis Carey, one of young Lee's class-mates. While conversing together, Carey suddenly exclaimed—

"There is Arthur Richland you have heard me mention so often?"

Following the direction of his friend's eyes, Lee perceived that the person alluded to was no other than their fellow passenger. Richland, who now saw Carey, advanced to meet him, and, having previously learnt that Lee was a

brother to Florence, requested an introduction. This resulted in his being presented to Florence, a circumstance which added greatly to the enjoyment of both during the remainder of their journey.

When, towards sunset, the coach stopped at the head of an elm-shaded avenue that led to the house of Mr. Knollys, Richland, as he assisted Florence to alight, remarked that Mr. and Mrs. Knollys were among his most valued friends, and that now he should have an additional motive for making an early call.

Florence, who in her hurry had merely glanced her eye at the name written on the envelope of the shawl, had not retained it in her memory, though her aunt had mentioned it in her note; but when she found that it was Mrs. Richland, she concluded that her aunt's friend was the mother of the new acquaintance. As according to the note, Mrs. Richland expected the shawl would be sent by her son, Florence requested Mrs. Knollys to permit one of the servants to convey it that evening, so that she might not be disappointed.

Florence, who had from childhood been an orphan, was welcomed with great kindness and cordiality; her mother having been a cousin of Mr. Knollys, and the dearest and most intimate friend of his wife. Their only child, a daughter, nearly the same age of Florence, and bearing the same name, had been dead several years, and it was their intention, though they had not disclosed it to a third person, for Florence to supply her place, if, on trial, she realized the description given by her Aunt Hilton. The first impression was decidedly in her favor. She was as beautiful as their own lost Florence promised to be, and they were charmed with the union of grace, simplicity and good sense exhibited in her manners and conversation. Her dress, too, though her limited means did not permit it to be expensive, evinced good taste, both in material and arrangement. Florence, on her part was delighted with the fine house and highly cultivated grounds, and, above all, with Mr. and Mrs. Knollys.

In one corner of the room, which had once belonged to Florence Knollys, was a harp, whose golden wires had just been swept by her hand, and in the rose-wood book-case were volumes on whose pages her eyes had last rested. Florence was capable of realizing the emotions which, in a greater or less degree, must have filled the breast of the parents, when, for the first time, memorials so sacred and so dear were appropriated to the use of another, and though she longed to awaken the slumbering music of the harp, she was restrained by feelings of delicacy. With the books, those silent companions, it was different, yet it was with a sensation of melancholy, amounting almost to awe, that she opened their leaves.

Arthur Richland, who was a favorite of Mr. and Mrs. Knollys, did not forget to call. Florence looked much lovelier in the parlor than she did in the stage-coach, for her brown hair, brightened by a tinge of gold, and falling in a cloud of curls to her shoulders, was then concealed by her bonnet. Her hands, too, which must have been like those which some one has said poetry in them, were then covered with gloves, and her feet—feet, I believe, have poetry in them, too, sometimes—that just escaped being veiled by the drapery of her dress, and which must have felt as much at home in the Cinderella slippers as if they had been made on purpose, were then packed away with feet not worth looking at in the bottom of the coach.

Neither did the admiration with which Florence regarded Richland, suffer any diminution during the interview, and each, at the moment of parting, might have said, with Juliet—

"This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath, May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet."

Mrs. Richland, at the time Mr. Knollys' servant arrived with the shawl, was engaged in earnest conversation with her son. Imagining it to be a package of books, Mrs. Knollys had promised to lend her, she requested him to lay it on the table in the hall, and thought no more about it till after breakfast the next morning. She then recollects it, and, ordering it to be conveyed to the library, she herself followed. The moment she commenced opening it, she perceived that it could not contain books, and at the same time recognizing the handwriting to be Mrs. Hilton's she thought of the shawl.

Mrs. Richland was not particularly fond of dress. Every woman, she said, who was strong enough to labor could, in a Republic like ours, flout in her silks and satins; but a thousand dollar Cashmere shawl—that was beyond the reach of cooks, waiters-maids, and even factory girls. She, therefore, made her shawl the badge of exclusiveness, and a self-complacent smile wreathed her haughty lip as she tore open the envelope. A single glance, and she dropped it upon the floor; while clasping her hands, she exclaimed—

"Is it possible! Black Flora would scarcely wear it!"

As the shawl struck the floor, a sealed note slipped from its folds, which, snatching up, she tore open and read. It was from her friend, Mrs. Hilton, who, after stating that the shawl, by the best judges, was considered a great bar, again at a thousand dollars, went on to say that as Arthur Richland had not called, as she ex-

pected, she had embraced the opportunity of sending it by Miss Lee, her niece, who was going to visit some friends in that vicinity.

After reading the note, she picked up the poor, despised shawl, and examined it more critically. No—she was not mistaken. If she could judge of nothing else, she could judge of a Cashmere shawl, and here was one for which Mrs. Hilton said she had paid a thousand dollars, which, at the most, could not be worth more than thirty. Her first decision was to write to Mrs. Hilton immediately, and ask an explanation. On reflection, however, she determined to call on the Miss Lee referred to in the note, who, she thought, might possibly throw some light on the affair. She concluded that her friends, Mr. Knollys and his wife, were the persons she had come to visit, it having been their servant who had brought the shawl. She was about to order the carriage, but was prevented by the arrival of a Mrs. Sedley and her daughter who had come to spend several weeks with her.

Soon after the usual complimentary enquiry had been interchanged, Mrs. Richland showed them the shawl, and read them Mrs. Hilton's note.

"Is this Mrs. Hilton a person worthy of implicit confidence?" said Mrs. Sedley, after examining the one and listening to the other.

"I have indeed proved her to be a person of high character, in instances almost innumerable, for we have been on terms of friendship since early childhood."

Then the person who sold her the shawl, finding she was ignorant of its quality, must have imposed upon her.

"But she was not ignorant of its quality. Had I not known that I could trust her judgment and taste with as much safety as my own, I certainly should not have requested her to purchase so valuable an article, and the only one pertaining to dress which I am very particular about."

Having tired themselves with conjectures, which were alike unsatisfactory, they dropped the subject for one less perplexing.

"I am glad," said Mrs. Richland, the next morning to her son, "that Mrs. Sedley and her daughter happened to come while you were at home. Louisa is not only an heiress, but one of the most elegant girls I ever saw!"

"That, my mother," he replied, "is because you have never seen the one I spent yesterday morning with. She is as superior to Miss Sedley as the evening star is to the light of a farthing candle."

"And what is the name of this peerless lady?"

"Oh, her name is Florence—a very sweet one, is it not? Her other I shall not tell you, so that when an opportunity occurs to introduce her to you, you may be unbiased in your opinion by a knowledge of my partiality."

"I hope she has something to recommend her besides her personal advantages."

"You are thinking of her connexions I suppose. They are, I assure you, equal in every respect to Miss Sedley's and if you think wealth should be a consideration to one so well provided for as Mrs. Richland's only son, I believe I may safely say that she will have quite enough to satisfy all reasonable wishes."

"You will recollect Arthur," said his mother, "that as I cannot borrow your eyes, as you may appear very differently to me from what she does to you; but I shall not seek to thwart your inclinations, provided you have not been misinformed as to the respectability of her connexions and some other particulars equally important."

"There can be no doubt but that you will be satisfied in every respect," replied Arthur, "as I received my information from a source that can be depended on."

"You are very sanguine," said his mother, "as all young men are apt to be in such cases. I hope, however, that you will not have the indiscretion to commit yourself before I have an opportunity of seeing and judging for myself."

"I shall make no promises," said Arthur laughing, "for really there is such a charmed atmosphere floating about her, as may cause me to forget even your prohibition."

"You will not ride, this morning," said his mother.

"It is my intention to," he replied.

"It appears to me that you ought to give a little of your time to the entertainment of our guests. Towards night we will all take a drive in the carriage."

"I shall be at your and their service," said he, "but I cannot dispense with my ride this charming morning."

Five minutes afterwards he was on horseback. Wishing to mystify his mother as respects that which would lead him to the house of Mr. Knollys, as after a short distance, he could avail himself of a cross road, which would soon enable him to turn his face the right way.

Mrs. Knollys being busy in her own room, had requested Florence to be in readiness to entertain any person who might chance to call, unless her presence was particularly desired.

It was from her friend, Arthur Richland, therefore, when he left home, he told his mother that he should make no promises, he certainly

entertained no serious intention of offering his hand to one of whom he had seen so little. Yet when in two hours afterwards, he took leave of her, it was as her betrothed lover.

After tea Mr. Knollys proposed a walk. It was a charming evening, though somewhat chilly, and Mrs. Knollys called to Florence as she was going for her bonnet, to be sure and put on a shawl. The mind of Florence had since her arrival been employed with subjects far too delightful and exciting to leave room for shawls, and it was not without a slight feeling of remorse, that she remembered that she had not even taken the one which her aunt gave her from its envelope. She now hastily undid it, and without stopping to examine it, lest she should keep her friends waiting, threw it over her shoulders.

"What a beautiful shawl," said Mrs. Knollys, as she assisted her to adjust its folds.

"Yes, it is rather pretty, I believe," said Florence. "It is one that Aunt Hilton gave me."

Mrs. Knollys examined the shawl more minutely—wondered within herself at Mrs. Hilton's extravagance, but made no further remark.

If there is an art in wearing a shawl, Florence was unconscious of it, yet if she had been and had made it a study, she could not have worn hers more gracefully. They had walked only a short distance, when a carriage appeared in sight, which Mr. Knollys remarked was Mrs. Richland's.

The hurry of spirit into which this announcement threw Florence, heightened the color of her cheeks and made her fine eyes more lustrous, while obeying her first impulse, she turned with the intention to escape back to the house unobserved.

The attention of those in the carriage, as it slowly approached, was in the meantime, with the exception of Arthur's almost exclusively directed to Florence. His was divided between her and the effect produced on his mother's countenance by the sight of so much beauty and elegance. But instead of the expression of pleasure which he expected to see manifested in her, he saw by her compressed lip and flashing eyes, that she was contending with some angry emotion.

"Arthur," said she, "when they had arrived nearly opposite the little party of pedestrians, order the driver to stop."

Mr. and Mrs. Knollys immediately hastened forward to pay their respects to Mrs. Richland, who was leaning from the carriage window. She received their civilities somewhat coldly, and then said to Mr. Knollys, "I wish to speak to that young woman. Please request her to step this way."

All were too much astonished at the strangeness of her request to make any remark, and Mrs. Knollys having mechanically obeyed her, introduced her as Miss Lee. Without taking the least notice of the introduction, "Young woman," said she, "I presume you are Mrs. Hilton's niece."

"I am," replied Florence, trembling so violently that she could hardly stand, for she perceived that Mrs. Richland was angry, and attributed it to what had passed between herself and Arthur in the morning.

"You of course then," said Mrs. Richland, "did not expect to see me, or you would not have had the audacity to appear in your present dress."

Florence, in the utmost confusion, glanced her eye over her apparel, to detect, if possible, the impropriety which had elicited a remark as singular as it was impolite; but failing in her endeavours, she said to Mrs. Knollys with quivering lips and tearful eyes, "What is wrong?"

"I can see nothing amiss my child," said Mrs. Knollys soothily, and added in a whisper, "I really believe she is insane."

Arthur had thus far looked on in silence, but suspecting now, like Mrs. Knollys, that his mother's mind was disordered, he remarked that as it was growing late, he thought they had better return home.

"Your advice is uncalled for, Mr. Richland," said she, "but it shall be attended to, as soon as this Lee will condescend to explain why she thought proper to retain the thousand dollar shawl Mrs. Hilton purchased for me, and to send me one in its place which is hardly fit to blanket my favorite saddle horse."

"I thought," said Mrs. Sedley, "that she evinced singular confusion, when Mrs. Knollys introduced her to you."

"So did I," said Louisa, "and it is not to be wondered at."

"There must be some mistake," said Mr. Knollys, speaking for the first time.

"There is—there is—sobbed Florence. Aunt Hilton sent me two shawls, one for Mrs. Richland, the other for me, and she must have made a mistake in directing them."

"Will you condescend to inform me?" said Mrs. Richland, whether Mrs. Hilton named the price of the shawl intended for you?"

"She did. She said it was twenty five dollars."

"And you wish me to believe that you were so ignorant as to imagine the superb shawl you have on was purchased for that paltry sum?"

"It arrived too late for me to examine it before I commenced my journey," said Florence,

"and since my arrival here, strange as it may appear, my time and thoughts have been so fully and so pleasantly employed, that I did not remove the paper that enclosed it, till preparing for my walk fifteen minutes ago; and even if I had, as I am totally unqualified to judge as to the value of such an article, it would not have occurred to me that there was any mistake, unless I had seen the two shawls together."

"Your answer is plausible," said Mrs. Richland, "but I cannot deceive me. I will, however, write to Mrs. Hilton, and ask her if she thinks it possible that she could mistake a twenty five dollar shawl for one worth a thousand dollars."

"Mother," said Arthur, "as Mrs. Hilton's mistake was undoubtedly the consequence of too much haste, it may be impossible for her to recollect any circumstance which will prove satisfactory, and I beg that you will suffer yourself to be guided in this matter, by your accustomed candor and generosity. Believe me, Florence Lee, is as incapable of what you accuse her as any person present, not excepting even yourself."

"In the heat of your vindication," said his mother, "you have inadvertently furnished me with the key to your zeal. Florence, if I mistake not, was the name of her, whom I no longer

He then briefly explained to her that, having unknown to his mother, conveyed her to the carriage that was to take them from the depot, she had taken one she saw lying near, supposing it to be hers, the size and material being exactly similar.

Mrs. Caryton received the explanation very gracefully, and in reply to the regret which he expressed, assured him that it was not of the least consequence, as its temporary loss had only obliged her to wait for the next train of cars, which would subject her to no serious inconvenience.

When he returned, Arthur longed to advert to the affair of the shawls, but prudently forbore, rightly judging that it would be better for his mother to ponder the lesson which had been taught her in silence.

She never made the least allusion to the subject, but after her return home, the attention she bestowed on Florence Lee, was such as to satisfy even Arthur. When, in a few months afterwards, Florence, as Arthur's wife, found better and more frequent opportunities of observing Mrs. Richland's character, she found under the glosses of false pride much that was estimable and worthy to be loved.

ARRIVAL OF THE IBERIAN.

Five days later from Europe.
The British Steamship Iberian, Capt. Ryrie, arrived at Boston, 3rd inst. having sailed from Liverpool on the 20th July. She brought 110 passengers from Liverpool and 7 from Halifax to Boston.

We copy from the Boston Traveler of the evening of the 3d inst.

The news is important only in a commercial point of view. Breadstuffs had again declined. The news carried out by the Cambria, of large shipments of flour and grain from this country, at reduced prices, had the effect to discourage purchasers and to lower prices. Wheat, up to the 20th had declined from 3d to 3s a bushel, and flour had receded to 3s 1s 6d, — a fall of at least 2s a barrel since the sailing of the Washington. Western canal brought on the 18th, 3s 4d.

Indian corn of prime quality alone maintained former prices, but the prospect of an early and abundant harvest, it was thought might have a tendency to reduce the prices of provisions of all kinds.

The market for cotton manufactures had been less active during the week ending the 20th July, and very little business had been transacted; prices, however, continued firm.

The U. S. freight Macelwane, with provisions for the relief of Ireland, from New York, arrived at Cork on the 16th of July, after a successful voyage of 29 days.

ENGLAND. The various bills having reference to the relief of Ireland were occupying the last days of the expiring Parliament. One bill, denominated the Recovery of Public Money, gives another large concession to the Irish landlords, who are, by its provision, released from the payment of one half of the amount advanced from the English Exchequer, and are allowed ten years for the payment of the remaining half.

FRANCE. Paris dates of the 17th of July, furnish no additional political news of any moment. The Court of Peers met again "en Chambre du Conseil" on the 15th, and spent several hours in that and the preceding day in discussing the penalties to be inflicted on Gen. de CUBIÈRES, MM. TESTE and PARMENTIER. — The Gazette de Tribunaux considers it positive that M. PELADRA would surrender on the 23d and 24th inst.

SPAIN. Madrid papers of the 11th of July had been received at London. The capitulation of Oporto was the chief topic of discussion. The conduct of Gen. Concha appears to have met the entire approbation of his government. The Spanish Minister at Lisbon had given official notice that the blockade of Oporto had ceased.

PORTUGAL. The general pacification of Portugal was rapidly advancing, and every town had submitted to the government, at the departure of the last mail on the 1st inst. The amnesty was strictly observed, and many of the insurgents were residing in Lisbon.

Great enthusiasm has been excited at Rome by the publication on the 8th inst. of decrees for the formation of a national guard on the French model, and the construction of railroads through the papal territories.

The King of the Belgians is his country, and I contemplate the application of his crown on account of his increasing ill health. This subject has formed his principal exertion to England, and now to Louis Philippe, at whose instance King Leopold consents to retain the nominal title for twelve months, until a regency can be arranged in behalf of his son.

A farmer's description of the effect of the present favorable weather and the progress of the crops: "We could not," said he, "have managed it better ourselves, if we had the sun in one hand and a watering can in the other."

It is announced that the King of the Netherlands, whose health has lately been severely shaken, and which is not yet completely re-established, intends to travel for some time in foreign countries. The King will establish a Regency to govern the Kingdom during his absence, appointing Prince Frederik of the Netherlands, who is at present in St. Petersburg, and it is said an estate he has been sent to the Russian capital, calling upon the Prince to accept the Regency, in preference to the Prince of Orange, the heir apparent to the throne.

AMERICAN ICE. The vessel Virginia has arrived at the port of Liverpool from Boston, U. S. States of America, with articles of food and general merchandise and 220 tons of ice. — This is the first importation of the kind from the United States during the present season, although one or two arrivals of ice took place about three months ago from the northern regions of Lake Erie.

THE LEGISLATURE.

Adjourned last Tuesday, having passed 120 Acts and 53 Resolves. We have room only for the closing proceedings of the two branches.

Mr. Baker of Kennebec, prefaced the following complimentary resolution of thanks to the friends to us, to think of the pleasant days we have been associated together in this place, in

touching both the harmony and good feeling discharge of our official duties.

On motion of Mr. Appleton of Alfred, the thanks of the House were presented to Samuel Belcher, Esq., for the promptness, fidelity, and very satisfactory manner in which he had discharged the duties of Clerk.

On motion of Mr. Woods of Gardiner, the thanks of the House were presented to Samuel Tripp, Esq., Assistant Clerk, for the highly satisfactory manner in which he has discharged the duties of his office. — Adj.

Leave attend you, as does my most hearty earnings; a small sum of money. A, with his wife for your peace, and prosperity, and happiness. In all human probability, most of us, B, was prevailed upon to invest his in some law which will never meet again; but may it always during life, remain a source of pleasant recollection to us, to think of the pleasant days we have been associated together in this place, in the Exchange, anxious and weary. Presently, I laid aside his mechanic's tools, as beneath his

created stock. From this moment he deserted his business, and was continually seen walking

in the Exchange, anxious and weary. Presently, he got up some humbug, obtained a character, and by borrowing, enslaved themselves to the power of Bankers and schemers. Lastly, either

he has embarked too carelessly upon credit, or the banks, for political purposes, refuse to accommodate, — their bills are discredited — the company of which he is one fails, and he is obliged to flee his country."

Such are the beauties of Federalism. On the other hand, A, continued a prosperous business; giving but little, and receiving less credit — gaining a maintenance for his old age — and passes the winter of his life in ease and happiness." This is Democracy, the giant of a Republican government, candid and open; beneath all cunning and intrigue, partial to none, and generous to all; while Whigism is a puny, sycophantic; mean and contemptible; shuffling here and there, but ever found dangling to the train of power. A young man cannot contract debts beyond his means, without enslaving himself; — see where the whig credit system: — he cannot prosper in business, if another by artificial superiority is enabled to do the same in an easier and less expensive way: then then all special legislative privileges and monopolies.

The legislature violates the first great principles of justice and equality, when by their aid one man possesses greater advantages in life than another. Nature gives to every one equal advantages; while the whig system equalizes all those inequalities which are the bane of society. Young men it is for you to choose at the polls, the coming September election, which you will have, Federal and Slaveholders, or Democracy and Independence.

By order of County Committee.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PATRIOT, AUGUST 10, 1847.

"The Union—It must be preserved."

OXFORD SENATORIAL AND COUNTY CONVENTION.

A Convention of the Democratic Republicans of Oxford Senatorial and County, and the Oxford Delegates at the Court House in Worcester, on the 10th, the nineteenth day of August, 1847, at one o'clock A. M., for the purpose of selecting Three Candidates for the State Senate, to be supported at the next National Convention.

Also, a Convention of the Democratic Republicans of the County of Oxford will be held on the same day, and at the same place, at two o'clock P. M., for the purpose of selecting one Candidate for County Commissioner, and a Candidate for County Treasurer, to be supported at the next National Convention.

The two Conventions will be presided over by the Convention of the County Committee.

July 12th, 1847.

FOURTH CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT.

As there is no Committee in the Oxford portion of the Oxford and York Congressional District to select Delegates to the next National Convention, it is intended that the Oxford Delegates be selected at the

meeting of the Convention of the County of Oxford.

Young men it is for you to choose at the polls, the coming September election, which you will have, Federal and Slaveholders, or Democracy and Independence.

CAYCE. At the primary meeting held in this town on Saturday last, there was a good gathering of the Democracy, showing that they are awake, on hand and anxious to do battle with their ancient enemies the Federalists, at the ballot box next September. "Union, harmony, concession—every thing for the cause, nothing for men" are the watch words. So long as they are strictly adhered to the Democracy will have nothing to fear from the picayune opposition. Let Democrats look well to it that no false lights are held up to tempt and lure the unsuspecting from our ranks, But to the extent—

John THOMAS CROCKER was chosen Chairman, and S. D. HUTCHINSON, Esq., Secretary.

RENÉ C. CUMMINGS, Esq., was nominated as a candidate for Representative—receiving

the several Stages. They went back to the

House and they adjourned to their former vot-

ing place in the Senate, which body adjourned

to its vot passing the same as amended, thus

after passing both branches—by this dis-

agreement between the two houses they were finally

closed.

JOHN PORTER, Esq., Past. T. H. BROWN,

C. S. F. RAYSON, and CHARLES WOODBURY, were selected as Delegates to attend the County Convention.

DEMOCRATIC REPUBLICAN NOMINATION.

FOR GOVERNOR.

John W. DANA.

DEMOCRATIC VALUABLE TO YOUNG MEN.

To all young men who are about starting on

the race-course of mankind, the spirit of Democracy is particularly genial. Vigorous and enthusiastic they derive nothing but what is free to all; they sever the idea of being enslaved by

special patronage, and demand only the just rewards of enterprise and virtue. They view the concentration of wealth, as a small spark in the political horizon, growing and developing, till a huge ball of fire over the whole firmament, spreading the sun of Liberty, and showering a bright noon sun. They call upon their legacies to protect them from this, and they seek no inheritance. I have hands to work, a head to plan, and a heart for my country, say the young American. The implements of husbandry, the mechanic's tools, the implements of the law and the tools of knowledge, all equally afford one ample employment, and an ample subsistence. — I want aid, extra exertion, and a more steady perseverance, will successively to the law of my country will preserve my rights and property, and the individual independence of its inhabitants will preserve the country. These principles alone make us a distinct people, and they are those of Democracy. The minds of properly educated young men are sensitive, but enduring; they are hardened in over-coming difficulties, but they disgust them because weak and spiritless in contending with evil, partially and fraud. They respect their laws, and love their countrymen, and in proportion to the strength of their attachment to them if they perceive treachery and deceit in either. Let every young man then improve his moral, acquire himself with the important principles of a good government, be independent, and consistently with the law, and he will be a useful member of society.

And now gentlemen, it is with pleasure I can

say, that we are now in much better shape, and

more numerous, than we were a few months ago.

— I trust to your sincere thanks for the kindness and courtesy, which you have, at all times, and in all places, extended to me, and the

honorable General you have thus given me,

by your vote of thanks—I trust to your

kindness and courtesy, which you have, at all times, and in all places, extended to me, and the

honorable General you have thus given me,

by your vote of thanks—I trust to your

kindness and courtesy, which you have, at all times, and in all places, extended to me, and the

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POETRY.

THE SONG OF STEAM.

The following fine Poem, by **GEORGE W. CUTTER** of Covington, Ky., Blackwood has pronounced "the best lyric of the century." Harness me down with your iron bands; Be sure of your curb and rein; For I scorn the power of puny hands, As the tempest scorns a chain! How I laughed, as I lay concealed from sight, For many a cloudless hour, At the childish boast of human might, And the pride of human power! When I saw an army upon the land, A navy upon the seas, Creeping along, a snail-like band, Or waiting the wayward breeze; When I marked the peasant faintly reel With the tool which I faintly bore, As he feebly turned at the tardy wheel, Or tugged at the weary oar; When I measured the panting courser's speed, The flight of the carrier dove, As they bore the law a king decreed, Or the lines of impatient love! I could not but think how the world would feel, As these were outstripped afar, When I should be bound to the rushing keel, Or chained to the flying car!

Ha, ha, ha! they found me at last; They invited me forth, at length, And I rushed to my throne with a thunder-blast.

And laughed in my iron strength! Oh! then ye saw wondrous change

On the earth and ocean wide,

When now my fiery armies range,

Nor wait for wind or tide.

Hurrah, Hurrah! the water o'er

The Mountains steep decline;

Time—space—have yielded to my power—

The world—the world is mine!

The rivers the sun hath earliest blast;

Or those where his beams decline;

The giant streams of the queenly West,

And the orient floods divine.

The ocean plies where'er I sweep,

To hear my strength rejoice,

And the monsters of the briny deep

Cower, trembling at my voice.

I carry the wealth and the lord of wealth,

The thoughts of the god-like mind;

The wind lags after my flying form,

The lightning is left behind.

In the darksome depths of the fathomless mine

My tireless arm doth play,

Where the rocks never saw the sun's decline,

Or the dawn of the glorious day.

I bring earth's glittering jewels up

From the hidden caves below,

And I make the fountain's granite cup

With a crystal overflow!

I blow the bellows, I forge the steel,

In all the shops of trade;

I hammer the iron and turn the wheel,

Where my arms of strength are made,

I manage the furnace, the mill, the mint;

I carry, I spin, I weave;

And all my doings I put in print,

On every Saturday eve.

I've no muscle to weary, no breast to decay,

No bones to be laid on the shief;

And soon I intend you "may go and play,"

While I manage the world myself.

But harness me down with your iron bands,

Be sure of your curb and rein,

For I scorn the strength of your puny hand,

As the tempest scorns a chain!

MISCELLANEOUS.

FACTS FOR FARMERS.

There are some things that farmers should know.

It is an error to plant seed from a State further south. In a cold season only the seed from a colder climate will ripen well.

Often breaking up a surface keeps a soil in health; for when it lies in a hard bound state, enriching showers run off, and the salubrious air cannot enter.

Weeds exhaust the strength of the ground, and if suffered to grow may be called garden sins.

The hands and the hoe are the instruments for eradicating weeds; yet if there is room between the rows for the spade, it is well to use it. Never keep your cattle short, farmers can afford it. If you starve them they will starve you.

It will not do to hoe a great field for a little crop, or to mow twenty acres for five load of hay. Enrich the land and it will pay you for it. Better farm thirty acres well, than fifty acres by halves.

In dry pasture dig for water on the brow of a hill; springs are more frequently near the surface on a height than in a vale.

Rain is cash to a farmer.

The foot of the owner is the best manure for land.

Cut bushes that you wish to destroy in summer, and with a sharp instrument—they will bleed freely and die.

Never plough in bad weather, or when the ground is wet.

Accounts should be kept, detailing the expenses and products of each field.

Obtain good seed, prepare your ground well, sow early, and pay very little attention to the moon.

Cultivate your own heart aright; remember that "whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap."

Do not begin farming by building an extensive house, nor a spacious barn, till you have something to store in it.

Avoid a low and damp site for a dwelling-house. Build sufficiently distant from your barn and stock yard to avoid accidents by fire.

Keep notes of all remarkable events on your farm. Recording, even your errors will be of benefit.

Good fences make good neighbors. Experiments are highly commendable, but do not become an habitual experimenter.

The depredations of birds are fully compensated by the services they render in preying upon insects.

Sheep put into fresh stables are apt to be killed by eating too much grain.

A bare pasture enriches not the soil, nor fattens the animals, nor increases the wealth of the owner.

One animal well fed is of more value than two poorly kept.

The better animals can be fed, the more comfortable they can be kept, the more profitable they are, and all farmers work for profit.

Sow clover deep; it secures it against the drought.

Ground once well plowed is better than thrice poorly.

Bountiful crops are more profitable than poor ones. Make the soil rich, pulverize it well, and keep it clean, and it generally will be productive.

Weeds that grow un molested around fences and stones, scatter their seed over the farm, and are very likely to grow.

When honest industry raises a family to opulence and honors, it is very original lowliness to display a lustre on its elevation—but all it glorifies when it has given a wound and denies a balsam to a man as humble and as honest as its ancestor.

Resolve to edge in a little reading every day if it is but a single sentence. If you gain fifteen minutes, it will make itself felt at the end of the year.

God is pleased with no music from below as much as in the thanksgiving songs of relieved millions, of supported orphans, of rejoicing and comforted and thankful persons.

Defer not thy charities till death, for certainly, if a man weigh it rightly, he that doeth so is rather liberal of another man's than his own.

steps; it hits the right nail on the head; it loosens no time; it takes all hints, and by keeping its eye on the weather-cock, is ready to take advantage of every wind that blows. Take them into the church, Talent may obtain a living: Talent will make one. Talent gets a good name: Talent is an honor to the profession. Talent converts: Talent is honored with approbation: Talent is blessed with preferment. Place them in the Senate, Talent has the rear of the house: Talent wins its heart and its votes. Talent is fit for employment: Talent is fitted for it. It has a knack of slipping into place with a sweet silence and glibness of movement, as a billiard ball insinuates itself into the pockets. It seems to know every thing without learning any thing.

Talent is certainly a fine thing to talk about, a very good thing to be proud of, a very glorious eminence to look down from, but Talent is useful portable, applicable: it is the Talent of Talents, the availability of resources, the applicability of power, the eye of discrimination, the right hand of intellect.

It is characteristic of great minds to convey much information in a few words; little minds, on the contrary, have the gift of talking much, and saying nothing.

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AMERICAN FARMERS.

Many thousand farmers in New England rear large families, pay all their debts and taxes promptly, and live independently, well clothed and comfortably housed and provided for, and lay up money on farms of 50 acres. The idea is, that these people labor severely. This is a great mistake. They have much because they waste no time. With them there is "a place for every thing, and every thing in its place." Their horses and cattle, tools and implements are attended to with clock-like regularity. Nothing is put off till to-morrow which can be done to-day. Economy is wealth, and system affords ease. These men are seldom in a hurry except in harvest time. And in long winter evenings, or severe weather, which forbids employment out of doors, one makes corn brooms, another shoes, a third is a carpenter, cooper, or tailor; and one woman spins, another weaves, a third plaites "Leghorn bonnets." And the families thus occupied, are among the most healthy and cheerful in the world. It is easy with them to reduce their wishes to their means, if convenient or imprudent; and to extend their means to their wishes.

English and W. I. Goods.

Good, stout, heavy SHEETINGS for 7 cents. BROAD CLOTHS, from \$1.00 to \$4.00 per yard. CASSIMERE, DOG SKINS, &c., from \$2.00 to \$25. SHAWLS, from 50 cents to \$9.

CARPETINGS, from 25 to 50 cents per yard. MUSLIN PLAINES, from 12 to 37 1/2 cents. PRIMES, from 12 to 37 1/2 cents.

LADIES WHITE LINEN H'P'K'NS, 10 cents. GENT'S WHITE SILK, do. 40.

GINGHAM, do. 12-12 1/2.

PARCHMENT, from 10 cents to \$2.

" VENTS, for 25 cents.

PAPER HANGING, in 7 to 25 cents per roll. BONNETS, from 42 cents to \$4.

BRASS CLOTH, from \$4.00 to \$10.00, warranted good.

SUGAR, 25 cents per pound.

HATS, CAPS, STOCKS, BOOTS, SHOES, and all other goods in proportion.

III BEARD & STEVENS.

Paris Hill, June 21, 1847.

Administrator's Sale.

BY VIRTUE of License from the Hon. Jon.

Pratt, Judge of Probate within and for the County of Oxford, will be sold at public Auction on Saturday, the fifteenth day of May next at ten o'clock A.M., at the dwelling house of ASA KIMBALL, in Grafton, the following described property belonging to the Estate of

ASA KIMBALL, deceased.

The Homestead Farm of said deceased living in Grafton, and containing one hundred and fifty acres.

Also, the one hundred acres of land lying on the south side of the Grafton River, in said Grafton, in the North part of Lot No. 1, in the 12th Range, subject to a certain charge.

Also, a tract of land lying on the south side of the Grafton River, in said Grafton, in the 12th Range, subject to a certain charge.

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